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SONGS, DUETS, TRIOS,
AND
FINALES
IN
RAMAH DROOG,

OR,
WINE DOES WONDERS;

A
COMIC OPERA,
IN THREE ACTS.

By James Cobb.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Théatre Royal, Covent-Garden.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED

BY

Mr. MAZZINGHI and Mr. REEVE.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



EUROPEANS.

<i>Sidney</i>	Mr. Incledon.
<i>Liffey</i>	Mr. Johnstone.
<i>First Prisoner</i>	Mr. Clermont.
<i>Second Prisoner</i>	Mr. Grey.
<i>Third Prisoner</i>	Mr. Wilde.
<i>Eliza</i>	Miss Mitchell.
<i>Margaret</i>	Mrs. Mills.

INDIANS.

<i>The Rajah</i>	Mr. Emery.
<i>Zemaun</i>	Mr. H. Johnstone.
<i>Chellingoe</i>	Mr. Munden.
<i>Holkar</i>	Mr. Townsend.
<i>Govinda</i>	Mr. Hill.
<i>Indian Officer</i>	Mr. Linton.
<i>Guard</i>	Mr. Abbott.
<i>Attendant</i>	Mr. Klanert.
<i>Alminah</i>	Mrs. Chapman.
<i>Zelma</i>	Miss Waters.
<i>Agra</i>	Miss Sims.
<i>Orsana</i>	Miss Gray.
<i>Females in the Zenana</i>	{ Miss Wheatley, and Miss Walcup.

The SCENE lies in *India* and near *Malabar*.

RAMAH DROOG.

ACT I.

A View in the Fortrefs of RAMAH DROOG.—On the Right are the Prifons of the Britifh Captives.—On the Left are the Walls of the Palace Gardens.

CHORUS.

Indians. { NOW loudly raife victorious ftrains;
Fallen, the vanquifh'd foe remains,
Never to break his galling chains.

Britons. { Though from each hope, each comfort
torn,
Britons, the Sons of Freedom born,
Ever your taunts your threats fhall fcorn.

SONG. SIDNEY.

I.
Oft wealth or ambition will tempt us to dare;
All the toils, all the perils, that mortals can bear;
But the figh of remembrance, wherever we roam,
Will Fancy waft back to our dear native home.

II.

Tho' rude be the clime, and tho' humble the cot,
The early idea is never forgot.

And the sigh, &c.

SONG. GOVINDA.

I.

How lost the mind, which cold and dark
From gratitude's celestial fire
In vain receives the hallow'd spark,
Falling, alas! but to expire!
Oft be my fervent vows renew'd
At the shrine of gratitude.

II.

Honour abhors the darksome cell,
Unblest'd by gratitude's bright flame;
There pale distrust and treachery dwell;
There fraud asserts her wily claim.
Oft be my fervent vows renew'd
At the shrine of gratitude.

QUARTETTO.

ALMINAH, ORSANA, GOVINDA, AND SIDNEY.

- Sidney.* { Grateful, thus humbly bending,
 { My thanks deign to receive.
Alminah. { Me in return defending.
 { My freedom you atchieve.
Orsana. { Then at the silent midnight hour,
 { When the tiger prowls for prey,
Govinda. { Fearless of all but slavery's power,
 { The moon shall light us on our way
All. Then at the silent, &c.

DUET.

DUET.

CHELLINGOE AND MARGARET.

I.

Marg. What, do you think I'll be robb'd of my money?

Cbell. Your liberty---

Marg. Without my cash, I value not a rush.

Cbell. Trust to my honour.

Marg. In vain you give your honey;

I'll tell aloud your villainy.

Cbell. Hush!—Hush!—Hush!

II.

Cbell. Zounds! I'll give no more, and so your course pursue.

Marg. Shake hands.—A quarrel now your hopes, as well as mine, wou'd crush.

Cbell. To prison you wou'd go again.

Marg. And what becomes of you?

Cbell. (*aside.*) The devil take you.

Marg. What do you say?

Cbell. Hush!—Hush!—Hush!

Marg. (*aside.*) The devil take you.

Cbell. What d'ye say?

Marg. Hush!—Hush!—Hush!

*A distant View of the Hill Fort of RAMAH DROOG:
The Prospect is bounded by the Mountains which
separate the Rajah's Dominions from the Province
of Malabar.*

SONG. ELIZA.

I.

With trembling steps, and sinking heart,
I urge my weary way;
At every whispering breeze I start,
All terror and dismay.
Still hope, with magic mirror, tries
My sinking heart to cheer;
And points, where smiling prospects rise
Of many a circling year.

A View in the Fortrefs, the same as the First Scene.

FINALE.

DUET. SIDNEY AND ELIZA.

Joy unexpected,—fortune consenting,
Gives us the blifs to meet again.
Ah! fickle deity! still more relenting,
When wilt thou break the captive's
chain?

Chell. Come, Doctor, what can make you stay!
Make haste, my friend, we must away?

Liffey. Ah! why the devil did I hither roam,
Where plagues and dangers are so
many?

Oh! Barney Liffey! had you staid at
home

Content in little dear Kilkenny!

Chell. The state physicians all are met;
Come, Doctor, surely you forget:

Liffey. { Your honour I'll not detain;

Chell. { We must not them detain.

Chell. For riches, for glory, for power you may
hope;

Liffey. And shou'd I not perform a cure, my
fee is a rope.

Eliza { Fixt by valour's potent spell,
and { Fortune still its power shall own;
Sidney. { Boldly venture, all will be well,
{ Success is marr'd by fear alone.

Liffey. My courage is lost in this curst flusteration;
Wherever I turn me 'tis all botheration.

Chell. If fair words won't do,
Then other means I must pursue.

Liffey. Stay but a minute.—Ah! what shall I do?

Eliz. & { Fixt by valour, &c.
Sidney. {

Chell. & { Botheration! I'm ruin'd, I know it too
Liffey. { well.

CHORUS of female Attendants on the Princess
ALMINAH.

Hither, from thy rosy bower,
Where zephyrs cull the sweets of
spring,
Jocund health, thy matchless power
In comfort to a monarch bring.

Rifle the poppy's scarlet pride
For spoils to deck thy balmy wing,
Or steal a breath from ocean's tide,
And comfort to a monarch bring.

Sidney. Ah! see the Princess, bane to my fight,
Is then Alminah the partner of my flight?

Eliza. What means my love? this mystery explain.

Sidney. Alas!—the pain,
That wounds my heart,

Eliza. { I dare not yet explain.

Sidney. { In pity, oh, explain.

Ind. Off. This instant you must part,
No longer here remain,
Till morn you now must part.

TRIO. SIDNEY, ELIZA, and *Indian Officer.*

Each throbbing heart a thousand doubts affright
ing,

Nameless fears, all of fancy born,
The eventful hour, despair inviting,
We trembling wait the approach of morn.

ACT II.

The Battlements on the summit of the Rock.

SONG ZELMA.

I.

Happy were the days from infancy advancing,
When by a parent's fost'ring power
My youthful mind it's energies enhancing,
Wak'd to new blifs, expanding every hour
To the East, when the sun, light and life was
bringing,
Or when the western world his rising glories
saw,
To the lute's dulcet sound still was Zelma singing
The song of joy—"Dilkusha.

II.

Thus the opening rose-bud the nightingale was
wooing,
The cruel storm arose—the bolt his bosom
tore.
Ah, hapless flower! the same fate are we rueing,
Thy guardian's lost! my father is no more!
To the East tho' the sun, light and life be bringing,
Alas, the day! that e'er his light I saw;
To the lute's dulcet sound when shall Zelma
singing,
Again the song of joy—sing "Dilkusha."

An Entrance to the Prison of the British Captives.

SONG. SIDNEY.

With two-fold fate is wing'd the dart,
That shall my vital course arrest.
The pang that breaks my constant heart,
Must rend my dear Eliza's breast.

No ray of hope can there be found !
Alas ! destruction gathers round !
And the sole light that breaks the gloom,
Flashes the signal of my doom.

SONG. CHELLINGOE.

Why, let the sons of war go brag
Of the cannons' dreadful thunders
The clinking of my money-bag
Does more victorious wonders.

When a new Vizier looks sulky,
And frowns, a hint for fees,
From my money-bags so bulky,
March armies of rupees.

Such conquerors, who can withstand ?
Such friends, all glad to catch 'em ;
Ever storm court-favour, cash in hand,
By my soul, no troops can match

Ther the ons of &c.

*An Apartment in the Rajah's Palace. The Women of
the Zenana dancing and singing.*

AIR AND CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Let the song and the dance
Tell Love's gentle story !
Let pleasure prevail !
To our fam'd Maha Rajah all hail !
See; to battle advance,
Refulgent in glory,
The lion of war,
Bright Victory's star.

Let the song, &c.

From Glory's career
Turn, conqueror, here !
New victories prove ;
The triumphs of love.

Let the song, &c.

SONG. LIFFEY.

I.

When I was a mighty smart boy ;
Young Margery came to our town, Sir ;
Oh, how I was bother'd with joy,
Like a kitten I frisk'd up and down, Sir.
Calling her my sweet Pearl, and following after
behind her ;
For her black eyes, no girl could match my sweet
Margery Grinder.

II.

My mother in vain bade me work,
Nor work, eat, or sleep, could poor Barney ;
So she went to old Father O'Rourke,
Told her story, and, after some blarney,
Give me advice, says she, no friend than you can
be kinder,
Father O'Rourke a sheep's eye had himself cast
on Margery Grinder.

III.

What devil has got in the place ?
The folks are all mad, cries my mother :
There's Captain Dermot M'Shean,
And that deaf lawyer Patrick, his brother ;
Thedy the purblin'd beau ; and old O'Donavan
blinder ;
They're dancing, or hobling—all after pert little
Margery Grinder.

IV.

This Father O'Rourke gravely heard,
For grave was the Father tho' frisky,
Mrs. Liffey, says he, take my word,
But he first took a noggin of whiskey,
Barney will have the girl, catch her where'er he
can find her ;
So by his advice I was married, next day, to sweet
Margery Grinder.

The Battlements on the Rock.

SONG. AGRA.

Oh! that the strains of heart-felt joy
 I could with graceful art employ ;
 But all my wild effusions start,
 Untutor'd from a simple heart.
 Could I but wake the trembling string,
 Whence sympathies of magic spring ;
 But all, &c,
 Yet Zelma kind, will not despise
 Strains, which from purest love arise ;
 Although the wild effusions start,
 Untutor'd from a simple heart.

SCENE—*The Entrance of the Palace.*

The Rajah on an Elephant, returning from hunting the Tiger ; preceded by his Harcarrabs, or Military Messengers, and his State Palanquin. The Vizier on another Elephant—the Princess in a Gaurie, drawn by Buffaloes. The Rajah is attended by his Fakeer, or Soothsayer—his Officers of State, and by an Ambassador from Tippoo Sultaun, in a Palanquin; also by Nairs, or Soldiers, from the South of India—Poligars, or Inhabitants of the Hilly Districts, with their Hunting Dogs—other Indians, carrying a dead Tiger, and young Tigers in a Cage, a Number of Sepoys—Musicians on Camels, and on Foot—Dancing Girls, &c.—The Scene concludes with the Zenana Chorus at Page 12.

ACT III.

An Apartment in the Palace.

SONG. ALMINAH.

Sorrow befriending,
Tears their aid lending,
With anger contending,
Still love rules my breast,
Rage my soul firing,
Vengeance retiring,
Soon will expiring
Love's triumph attest.
Trembling before him,
Doom'd to adore him.

Sorrow befriending, &c.

The Interior of the Prison.

SESTETTO and CHORUS.

Eliza. Trembling before you, ah! let compassion
Beam on the wretched, lost and forlorn!

Sidney. Say, can a captive raise indignation,
Sport of misfortune, to misery born?

Alminab. Treachery merits just indignation;
The traitors I punish, the treason I
scorn.

Eliz. & Sidney. { Trembling before you, &c.

All. { Terrors surrounding,
Doubts confounding,
Cast around a fearful gloom,
And hide in awful mists our doom.

Gov. (to *Alm.*) Proud Zemaun is captive—in
vain his resistance;
The traitor is seiz'd—your command
is his fate.

Alm. Rewards shall be yours, for this welcome
assistance,
Then vengeance is mine and shall Ze-
maun await.

Holkar. This ring on Zemaun found,
Some mystery declares;

Sidney. Your power he dares
In despite of these chains,
Unconquer'd still his soul remains.

Alm. My vengeance obey.

Guards. Your vengeance we obey.

Sid. & Eliza. { For blood, hark! the fiends of revenge
loudly call;
To hope, then, Adieu! for the victims
must fall.

Alm. & the rest. { For blood, then, while justice and loyalty
call,
To mercy Adieu! for the victims must
fall.

Almina. My vengeance obey.

Guards. Your vengeance we obey.

Zelma. (*lebind*) Ruin, alas! is nigh!

Whither shall the wretched Zelma fly!

Zelma enters. If love has ever touch'd thy breast,
Pity a lover most distress'd.

Sidney. Nay then, relentless woman, here
A princess claims her safety. Fear,
Nor raise a sacrilegious hand;
Thy sovereign see before thee stand.

CHORUS.

Terrors in vain surrounding;
Doubt no more confounding:
All your tortures strait prepare,
Alas! our portion is despair.

SONG. CHELLINGOE.

I.

An old maid had a roguish eye,
She was call'd the great Ramchoondra;
She was rich—and poor was I.

Fall lall de rall, &c.

When we married, she had fears
She soon should die—and shed some tears;
But the tough old lass liv'd thirty years,
Did my wife old Ramchoondra.

Fall de rall, &c.

D

II.

Whene'er a pretty girl was nigh,
Then this plaguy old Ramchoondra
Watch'd me with a jealous eye.

Fall lall de rall, &c.

She had but one eye it is true;
But that was large enough for two;
And it glanced upon me all askew,
Did the eye of old Ramchoondra.

Fall lall de rall, &c.

III.

At last my old Ramchoondra died;
Then I call'd her dear Ramchoondra:
With decent grief I sobb'd and sigh'd.

Fall lall de rall, &c.

For several hours I sobb'd, till chance
Popt in my head a favorite dance
The jig awak'd me from my trance:
So adieu to old Ramchoondra.

Fall de rall, &c.

The VIZIER'S Apartment.

DUET. LIFFEY and MARGARET.

I.

Marg. High on the rock methinks our troops we
form;

Still high above the enemy appears.

Lif. Now pressing on--the fort prepar'd to storm,
Ever in front--the gallant grenadiers.

Marg. Tho' bullets rattle round,

No shot from our merry men is heard;
With bayonets fixt advancing,

Their volley waits the word:

Steady our charge--it follows quick our
fire;

Now we pursue--their broken ranks retire.

II.

Lif. Conquest is ours, the sons of Freedom cry,

Marg. Triumph shall mark the tabor's sprightly
sound;

Lif. See, on their walls the British colours fly,

Marg. While with the dance we beat the conquer'd ground.

Lif. Then drink a toast and sing,

By my soul, we'll all so merry merry be,

Marg. Here's our Country and our King,

With three times three.

Lif. All the delights from Victory that spring,
Friendship and Love, and Wine and Mirth
shall bring.

ZELMA'S Prison.

SONG. ZELMA.

Hark ! the fatal voice of war,

From the cannon clamours round,

Trembling echoes from afar,

Faintly waft the dreadful sound.

Mark, how our firm and faithful band,

With patient valour silence keep,

My Zemaun's whisper gives command,

As they climb the awful steep.

The outside of the Fort.

AIR AND CHORUS.

ZELMA.

To heav'n my fervent pray'rs shall rise,
That conquest prove your valour's prize.

CHORUS *of Soldiers.*

Our valour an artifice aiding,
Like the tiger his hunters evading,
We wait for the moment to rush on our prey!
Mark the signal, we obey.

FINALE.

Joy shall swell the choral strain,
Loyalty and truth to prove ;
Gratitude in freedom's Fane,
Shall hail the Monarch of a people's .
Sacred to Freedom's glorious cause,
Britain the sword of justice draws !
A lesson to the admiring world,
Oppression from his seat is hurl'd.

Sid. Beneath the shade of blooming laurels,
The gallant victors shall recline ;

Lif. And to keep laurels ever blooming,
They shou'd be water'd well with wine

Chorus. Joy shall swell the choral, &c.

THE END.